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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Cambyses King of Persia

By THOMAS PRESTON

[c. 1584]

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By Thomas Preston

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Cambyses King of Persia

By Thomas Preston

[c. 1584]

This play was licensed to John Allde (the father of the printer of this edition) between July, 1569, *and July*, 1570, *and Sir J. A. H. Murray, in the "Oxford English Dictionary," assigns the date of writing to* "c. 1560."

The first edition probably appeared in 1570, *shortly after its entry on the books of the Stationers' Register. As far as at present known, this impression cannot be dated earlier than* 1584, *when Edward Allde succeeded his father in business.*

For what little is known of Preston consult "The Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. J. A. Herbert (of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum), after comparing this facsimile with the original, says that it is "very excellently reproduced, hardly the minutest fault to be found."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of *pleſant mirth, containing the life of* Cambiſes king of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdome, vnto his death, his one good deede of execution, *after that many wicked deedes and tyrannous murders*, committed by and through him, and laſt of all, his odious death by Gods Iuſtice appointed. Done in ſuch order as followeth.

By *Thomas Preſton.*

The diuiſion of the parts.

Councell. Huf. Praxaſpes. Murder. Lob. The third Lord.	*For one man.*
Lord. Ruf. Commons cry. Cõmons complaint Lord Smirdis. Venus.	*For one man.*
Knight. Snuf. Small hability Proof. Execution. Attendance. Second Lord.	*For one man.*
Cambiſes. Epilogus.	*For one man*
Prologue. Siſamnes Diligence Crueltie. Hob preparatiõ ther. Lord	*For one man*
Ambidexter Triall.	*For one man.*
Meretrix. Shame. Otian. Mother. Lady. Queene.	*For one man.*
Yong child. Cupid.	*For one man.*

8 players

The Prologue entreth.

AGathon he whose counsail wise to princes weale extended,
By good aduice vnto a prince 3. things he hath commended:
First is that he hath gouernment and ruleth ouer men:
Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke Justice (saith he) then.
Thirdly, that he must wel conceiue, he may not alwaies raigne:
Lo, thus the rule vnto a prince, Agathon squared plaine.
Tullie the wise whose sapience, in volumes great doth tell:
Who in wisedome, in that time did many men excel.
A Prince (saith he) is of himselfe a plaine and speaking Law:
The law a Schoolmaister deuine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and wittie Seneca his words thereto did frame:
The honest exercise of Kings, men wil insue the same.
But contrariwise if that a king abuse his kingly seat:
His ignomie and bitter shame in fine shalbe more great.
In Persia there raigned a king, who Cirus hight by name:
Who did deserue as I do read, the lasting blast of fame.
But he, when sisters three had wrought, to shere his vital thred,
As heire due to take the crowne, Cambises did proceed.
He in his youth was trained vp, by trace of vertues lore:
Yet (being King) did cleane forget his perfect race before.
Then cleauing more vnto his vil such vice did immitate:
As one of Icarus his kind, fore warning then did hate.
Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact could see,
Yet at the last a fall he tooke, like Icarus to be.
Els as the fish which oft had take the pleasant bait from hooke:
In safe did spring e pearce the streams when fisher fast did looke
To hoist vp from the watry waues vnto the dried land:
Then skapte at last by suttle bait come to the fishers hand.
Euen so this king Cambises heere, when he had wrought his wil

Taking delight the Innocent, his guiltleſſe blood to ſpil.
Then mighty Ioue would not permit, to proceede offence,
But what meſure the king did meat, ẏ ſame did Ioue cõmence
To bring to end with ſhame his race, 2. yeares he did not raign
His cruelty we wil delate, and make the matter plaine.
Craving that this may ſuffice now, your patience to win:
I take my way, beholde I ſee, the players comming in.

FINIS.

First enter Cambiſes the King Knight and Councellor.

Cambiſes.

My Counſaile graue & ſapient with Lords of legall traine,
Attentiue eares towards me bend & mark what ſhalbe ſain
So you likewiſe my valiant Knight whoſe manly acts doth flie,
By Brute of fame that ſounding tromp doth perce the azur ſky
My ſapient words I ſay perpend and ſo your ſkil delate,
You know that Mors vanquiſhed hath Cirus that king of ſtate.
And I by due inheritance poſſeſſe that princely crowne,
Ruling by ſword of mighty force in place of great renowne.
You knowe and often haue heard tell my fathers worthy facts,
A manly Marſis heart he bare appearing by his acts.
And what ſhall I to ground let fall my fatpers golden praiſes
No, no, I meane for to attempt, this fame more large to raiſe.
In that that I his ſonne ſucceed his kingly ſeat as due,
Extend your councell vnto me in that I aſke of you.
I am the king of Perſia, a large and fertile ſoile,
The Egyptians againſt vs repugne, as varlets ſlaue and vile.
Therfore I mean with Marſis hart, with wars them to frequẽt
Them to ſubdue as captiues mine this is my hearts intent.
So ſhall I win honors delight, and praiſe of me ſhall go,
My Councell ſpeake, and Lordings che, is it not beſt do ſo?

Councell.

Oh puiſant king, your bliſful words deſerues abundant praiſe,
That you in this do go about, your fathers fame to raiſe.
Oh bliſful day that king ſo yong, ſuch profit ſhould conceiue,
His fathers praiſe and his to win, from thoſe that wold deceiue.
Sure my true and ſoueraigne king, I fall before you preſt,
Anſwere to giue as dutie mine, in that your grace requeſt.

If that your heart addicted be, the Egyptians to conuince,
Through Marſis aid the conqueſt wun, then dad of happy prince.
Shall pearce the ſkies vnto the throne of the ſupernal ſeat,
And merite there a iuſt reward, of Iupiter the great.
But then your grace muſt not turne backe, from this pretenced will,
For to proceed in vertuous life, imploy indeuour ſtil.
Extinguiſh vice, and in that cup to drinke haue no delight,
To martiall feats and kingly ſport, fix all your whole delight.

King.

My councel graue a thouſand thanks, with hart I do you render
That you my caſe ſo proſperous, intirely do tender.
I wil not ſwerue frō thoſe your ſteps wherto you wold me train
But now my Lord and valiant knight, with words giue anſwer plain
Are you content with me to go, the Marſis games to try?

Lord.

Yea pareleſſe Prince to aid your grace, my ſelfe will liue and die

Knight.

And I for my hability, for feare will not turne backe,
But as the ſhip againſt the rocks, ſuſtaine and bide the wracke

King.

Oh willing parts, a thouſand thanks I render vnto you,
Strik vp your drums with corage great, we wil marche forth euen now

Councel.

Permit (O king) few words to her, my duty ſerues no leſſe,
Therfore giue leaue to councel thine, his mind for to expreſſe.

King.

Speake on my councel what it be, you ſhal haue fauor mine.

Councel.

Then wil I ſpeake vnto your grace, as duty doth me bind,
Your grace doth meane for to attempt of war the manly art,
Your grace therein may hap receiue with others for your part,
The dent of death in thoſe affaires, all perſons are alike,
The heart couragious often times, his detriment doth ſeke.
Its beſt therefore for to permit, a ruler of your land,
To ſit and iudge with equity, when things of right are ſtand.

King.

My grace doth yéld to this your talke, to be thus now it ſhall,

My Knight therefore prepare your ſelfe Siſamnes for to call.
A Iudge he is of prudent ſkil, euen he ſhal beare the ſway,
In abſence mine, when from the land I do depart my way.

Knight.

Your knight before your grace euen hér, himſelf hath redy preſt
With willing heart for to fulfill as your grace made requeſt.

Councel. Exit.

Pleaſeth your grace I iudge of him to be a man right fit,
For he is learned in the Law hauing the gift of wit.
In your graces precinct I do not view for it a meter man,
His learning is of good effect, bring proofe thereof I can.
I do not know what is his life, his conſcience hid from me,
I dout not but the feare of God before his eies to be.

Lord.

Report declares he is a man that to himſelfe is nie,
One that fauoureth much the world and lets to much thereby:
But this I ſay of certainty, if hée your grace ſucceed,
In your abſence but for a while he wil be warnd indéed:
No iniuſtice for to frequent, no partiall Iudge to proue,
But rule all things with equitie, to win your graces loue.

King.

Of that he ſhall a warning haue, my beaſts for to obay,
Great puniſhment for his offence againſt him will I lay.

Councel.

Behold I ſée him now agreſſe and enter into place.

Siſamnes.

Oh puiſſant prince & mighty king, the Gods preſerue your grace
Your graces meſſage came to me, your will purporting forth,
With grateful mind I it receiu'd, according to mine oath.
Erecting then my ſelfe with ſpéd, before your graces eies.
The tenor of your princely wil, from you for to agniſe.

King.

Siſamnes, this the whole effect the which for you I ſent,
Our mind it is to elenate you to great preferment:
My grace and gracious councel eke hath choſe you for this cauſe
In iudgement you to office beare, which haue the ſkil in lawes.
We thinke that you accordingly, by iuſtice rule wil deale,

That

That for offence none ſhal haue cauſe of wrong you to appeale.

Siſamnes.

Abundant thankes vnto your grace for this benignity,
To you his Councel in like caſe, with Lords of clemency,
What ſo your grace to me permits, if I therein offend:
Such execution then commence, and vſe it to this end.
That all other (by that my deed) example ſo may take:
To admoniſh them to flie the ſame, by feare it may them make.

King.

Then according to your words, if you therein offend:
I aſſure you euen from my breſt, correction ſhall extend,
From Perſia I meane to go into the Egypt land:
Them to conuince by force of armes, and win the vpper hand,
While I therefore abſent ſhall be, I doe you full permit:
As gouernour in this my right, in that eſtate to ſit.
For to detect and eke correct, thoſe that abuſe my grace:
This is the totall of my wil, giue anſwere in this caſe.

Siſamnes.

Unworthy much (O prince) am I, and for this gift vnfit,
But ſith that it hath pleaſd your grace, that I in it muſt ſit,
I do auouch vnto my death, according to my skil:
With equity for to obſerue your graces mind and wil.
And nought from it to ſwarue indeed, but ſincerely to ſtay,
Els let me taſt the penalty, as I before did ſay.

King.

Well then of this authoritie, I giue you ful poſſeſſion.

Siſamnes.

And I will it fulfil alſo, as I haue made profeſſion.

King.

My Councel then let vs depart, a ſmall ſtay to make,
To Egypt land now forth with ſpeed, my voyage I will take,
Strike vp your drums vs to reioyce, to hear the warlike ſound.
Stay you heere Siſamnes Judge, and loke wel to your bound.

Exeunt King, Lord and Councell.

Siſamnes.

Euen now the King hath me extold, and ſet me vp aloft,
Now may I weare the borderd guard and lie in downe bed ſoft,

Now

Now may I purchaſe houſe and land, and haue all at my will,
Now may I build a princely place, my mind for to fulfil.
Now may I abrogate the law, as I ſhall thinke it good.
If any one me now offend, I may demaund his blood.
According to the prouerbe old, my mouth I wil vp make,
Now it doth lie all in my hand, to leaue or els to take.
To deale with iuſtice to me bound, and ſo to line in hope,
But oftentimes the birds be gone, while one for neſt doth grope.
Do well or ill, I dare auouch ſome euil on me wil ſpeake,
No truly yet I do not meane, the kings precepts to breake.
To place I meane for to returne my duty to fulfil. Exit.

Enter the Vice with an old Capcaſe on his head, an olde paile about his hips for harnes, a ſcummer and a potlid by his ſide and a rake on his ſhoulder. Ambidexter.

Stand away ſtand away for the paſſion of God,
Harneſſed I am prepared to the field:
I would haue bene content at home to haue bod,
But I am ſent forth with my ſpeare and ſhield.
I am appointed to fight againſt a Snaile,
And Wilkin Wren the ancient ſhal beare:
I dout not but againſt him to preuaile,
To be a man my deds ſhall declare.
If I ouercome him, then a Butter flie takes his part,
His weapon muſt be a blew ſpecked Hen:
But you ſhall ſee me ouer throw him with a fart.
So without conqueſt he ſhal go home againe.
If I ouercome him, I muſt fight with a flie,
And a blacke pudding the flies weapon muſt be:
At the firſt blow on the ground he ſhall lie.
I wil be ſure to thruſt him through the mouth to the knee,
To conqueſt theſe fellowes the man I wil play:
Ha, ha, ha, now ye wil make me to ſmile.
To ſee if I can all men beguile.
Ha, my name, my name would you ſo faine know?
Yea iwis ſhal ye, and that with al ſpeed:
I haue forgot it therefore I cannot ſhow.
A, A, now I haue it, I haue it in deed.

My name is Ambidexter, I ſignifie one,
That with both hands finely can play:
Now with King Cambiſes, and by and by gone,
Thus do I run this and that way.
For while I meane with a Souldier to be,
Then giue I a leape to Siſamnes the Iudge:
I dare auouch you ſhall his deſtruction ſee,
To all kinde of eſtates I meane for to trudge.
Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all:
Ceaſe for a while, hereafter heare more ye ſhall.

Enter three Ruffins, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, ſinging.

Huf.

Gogs fleſh and his wounds theſe warres reioyce my hart,
By his wounds I hope to do well for my part.
By Gogs hart the world ſhall goe hard if I do not ſhift,
At ſome olde Carles budget I meane for to lift.

Ruf.

By his fleſh, Noſe, Eyes and Eares,
I will venter bold of all cares.
He is not a Souldier that doth feare any doubt:
If that he would bring his purpoſe about.

Snuf.

Feare that feare liſt, it ſhall not be I,
By Gogs wounds I will make ſome necke ſtand awry.
If I loſe my ſhare, I ſweare by Gogs hart:
Then let another take by my parte.

Huf.

Yet I hope to come the richeſt Souldier away:

Ruf.

If a man aſke ye, ye may hap to ſay nay

Snuf.

Let all men get what they can, not to leaſe I hope:
Whereſoeuer I goe, in euhe corner I will grope.

Ambidexter.

What and ye run in the corner of ſome prittie maides

Snuf.

To grope there good fellow I will not be afraid.

Huf.

Gogs wounds what art thou that with vs doest mell?
Thou semest to be a Souldier the truth to tel.
Thou semest to be harnessed, I cannot tel how:
I thinke he came lately from riding some Cow.
Such a deformed slaue did I neuer se:
Ruf dost thou know him? I pray thee tel me.

Ruf. No by my troth fellow Huf I neuer se him before.

Snuf.

As for me I care not if I neuer se him more.
Come let vs run his arse against the poste:

Ambidexter.

A ye slaues, I will be with you at once. heere let him
A ye knaues, I wil teach ye how ye shal me deride: swinge thē
Out of my sight I can ye not abide. about.
Now goodman pontchmouth, I am a slaue with you.
Now haue at ye a fresh againe euen now.
Mine arse against the poste you will run:
But I wil make you from that saying to turn.

Huf.

I beseech ye hartely to be content:

Ruf.

I insure you by mine honestly no hurt we ment.
Beside that againe we do not know what ye are:
Ye know that Souldiers their stoutnes will declare.
Therefore if we haue any thing offended,
Pardon our rudenes and it shalbe amended.

Ambidexter.

Yea Gods pittie, begin ye to intreat mée
Haue at ye once againe by the masse I will beat ye.

Huf. fight againe.

Gogs hart let vs kill him, suffer no longer:

Snuf. draw their swords.

Thou slaue we will se if thou be the stronger.

Ruf.

Ruf.

Strike of his head at one blow:
That we be ſouldiers Gogs hart let him know.

Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of God, I haue doon by mine honeſtie.
I will take your part hæreafter verily.

All.

Then come let vs agrée:

Ambidexter.

Shake hands with me, I ſhake hands with thée.
Ye are full of curteſie that is the beſt:
And you take great paine, ye are a mannerly gueſt.
Why maiſters do you not know me? the truth to me tel:

All.

No truſt vs, not very well.

Ambidexter.

Why I am Ambidexter who many ſouldiers do loue.

Huf.

Gogs hart to haue thy company néeds we muſt proue.
We muſt play with both hands with our hoſtes and hoſt:
Play with both hands and ſcore on the poſte,
Now and then with our Captain for many a delay:
We wil not ſticke with both hands to play.

Ambidexter.

The honeſter man ye may me truſt.

Enter Meretrix with a ſtaffe on her ſhoulder.

Meretrix.

What? is there no lads hære that hath a luſt:
To haue a paſſing Trul to help at their næd:

Huf.

Gogs hart ſhe is come indæd.
What miſtres Meretrix by his wounds welcome to me:

Meretrix.

What wil ye giue me I pray you let me ſée?

Ruf. By his hart ſhe lokes for gifts by and by.

Meretrix.

What maiſter Ruf, I cry you mercy,
The laſt time I was with you I got a broken head:
And lay in the ſtreet all night for want of a bed.

Ruf.

Cogs wounds kiſſe me my truſt ſo white:
In thee I ſweare is all my delight.
If thou ſhouldſt haue had a broken head for my ſake,
I would haue made his head to ake.

Meretrix.

What maiſter Ambidexter, who looked for you?

Ambidexter.

Miſtres Meretrix, I thought not to ſee you here now.
There is no remedy at meeting I muſt haue a kiſſe:

Meretrix.

What man? I wil not ſticke for that by giſſe. kiſſe.

Ambidexter.

So now gramercy, I pray thee be gone,

Meretrix.

Nay ſoft my friend I meane to haue one.
Nay ſoft I ſweare, and if ye were my brother,
Before I let go I wil haue another. kiſſe, kiſſe, kiſſe.

Ruf.

Cogs hart the whore would not kiſſe me yet:

Meretrix.

If I be a whore, thou art a knaue then it is quit.

Ruf.

But hearſt thou Meretrix, with who this night wilt thou lye

Meretrix.

With him that giueth the moſt money.

Ruf.

Cogs hart, I haue no money in purſe ne yet in clout:

Meretrix.

Then get thee hence and packe like a lout.

Ruf.

Adieu like a whore. Exit Ruf.

Meretrix.

Meretrix.

Farwell like a knaue.

Ruf.

Gogs Nailes, Miſtres Meretrix now he is gone:
A match ye ſhall make ſtraight with me:
I will giue thee ſixpence to lye one night with thée.

Meretrix.

Gogs hart ſlaue doſt thinke I am a ſixpeny Jug:
No wis ye Jack I loke a little moze ſmug.

Snuf.

I will giue her viij pence to ſerue me firſt:

Meretrix.

Gramercy Snuf, thou art not the wurſt.

Ruf. (thée.

By Gogs hart ſhe were better be hanged, to forſake me e take

Snuf.

Were ſhe ſo: that ſhall we ſée.

Ruf.

By Gogs hart my Dagger into her I will thruſt.

Snuf.

A ye boy, ye would doo it and ye durſt.

Ambidexter.

Peace my maiſters ye ſhall not fight,
He that drawes firſt I will him ſmite.

Ruf.

Gogs wounds Maiſter Snuf are ye ſo luſty:

Snuf.

Gogs ſides Maiſter Ruf are ye ſo truſty?

Ruf.

You may happen to ſee:

Snuf.

Doo what thou dareſt to me. Heer draw & fight.

Heere ſhe muſt lay on and coyle them both, the Vice muſt run his way for feare, Snuf fling down his ſword and buckler & run his way.

Meretrix.

Gogs ſides knaues, ſaying to fight ye be ſo rough,
Defend your ſelues for I will giue ye both inough.
I will teach ye how ye ſhall fall out for me:
Yea thou ſlaue Snuf, no more blowes wilt thou bide?
To take thy heeles a time haſt thou ſpied?
Thou villaine ſeeing Snuf is gone away:
A little better I meane thee to pay.

He falleth downe, ſhe falleth vpon him and beats him, and taketh away his weapons.

Ruf.

Alas good miſtres Meretrix no more:
My legs, ſides, and armes with beating be ſore.

Meretrix.

Thou a Souldier and loſe thy weapon:
Goe hence ſir boy, ſay a woman hath thee beaten.

Ruf.

Good miſtres Meretrix my weapon let me haue:
Take pittie on me mine honeſtie to ſaue.
If it be knowne this repulſe I ſuſtaine:
It will redound to my ignomy and ſhame.

Meretrix.

If thou wilt be my man and waite vpon me:
This Sword and Buckler I wil giue thee.

Ruf.

I will do all at your commaundement:
As ſeruant to you I wilbe obedient.

Meretrix.

Then let me ſee how before me you can goe,
When I ſpeake to you you ſhall doo ſo.
Of with your cap at place and at boord,
For ſooth miſtres Meretrix at euery word.
Tut, tut, in the Campe ſuch Souldiers there be:
One good woman would beat away two or three.
Wel I am ſure Cuſtomers tarry at home:

Maneriy

manerly before and let vs be gone. Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of God, be they hãr ſtill or not
I durſt not abide to ſee her beat them ſo.
I may ſay to you I wis in ſuch a fright:
Body of me I ſée the heare of my head ſtand vpright.
When I ſaw her ſo hard vpon them lay on,
O the paſſion of God thought I, ſhe wil be with me anon.
I made no maze adoo but auoided the thruſt:
And to my legs began for to truſt.
And fell a laughing to my ſelfe when I was once gone:
It is wiſdome (quoth I) by the maſſe to ſaue one.
Then into this place I intended to trudge:
Thinking to méete Siſamnes the iudge.
Beholde where he commeth I will him méet:
And like a gentleman I meane him to greet.

Enter Siſamnes.

Since that the Kings graces maieſtie in office did me ſet:
what abundance of wealth to me might I get. (take
Now and thẽ ſome vantage I atchiue, much more yet may I
But that I fear vnto ẏ King, that ſome complaint will make.

Ambidexter.

Jeſu maiſter Siſamnes you are vnwiſe.

Siſamnes.

Why ſo? I pray thee let me agniſe.
What maſter Ambidexter is it you?
Now welcome to me I make God a vow.

Ambidexter.

Jeſu Maiſter Siſamnes with me you are wel acquainted,
By me rulers may be trimly painted.
Ye are vnwiſe if ye take not time while ye may:
If ye wil not now when ye would ye ſhall haue nay.
What is he that of you dare make exclamation:
Of your wrong dealing to make explication?
Can you not play with both hands & turn with the winde?

Siſamnes.

Sisamnes.

Beleeue me your wordes drawe deepe in my minde.
In colour wise vnto this day to brides I haue inclined:
Woe the same for to frequent of truth I am now minded.
Beholde euen now vnto me suters do proceed.

Small habilitie. (tender,

I beseech you hér good maister iudge a poor mans cause to
Condemne me not in wrongfull wise that neuer was offender.
You know right wel my right it is, I haue not for to giue:
you take away from me my due, that should my corps releéue.
The Commons of you do complaine, from thē you deuocate:
with anguish great & greuos words their harts do penetrate.
The right you sell vnto the wrong, your priuate gain to win:
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sinne.

Sisamnes.

Hold thy tung thou prating knaue, and giue to me reward:
Els in this wise I tell thee truth thy tale wil not be heard.
Ambidexter, let vs goe hence. and let the knaue alone.

Ambidexter.

Farwell Small habilitie for helpe now get you none.
Brides hath corrupt him good lawes to polute: Exeunt

Small habilitie.

A naughty man that will not obay the kings constitute.
with heuy hart I wil return til God redresse my pain. Exit.

Enter Shame with a trump blacke.

Shame.

From among ỳ grisly ghosts I come, from tirants testy traine:
Vnseemely Shame of soth I am procured to make plaine.
The odious facts & shameles déeds ỳ Cambises king doth vse:
All pietie and vertuous life, he doth it cleane refuse.
Lechery and drunkennes he doth it much frequent:
The Tigers kinde to imitate he hath giuen full consent.
He nought esteems his counsel graue, ne vertuous bringing vp,
But dayly still receiues the drink, of damned vices cup.
He can bide no instruction, he takes so great delight

In

In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his ſpight.
As Fame doth ſound ỹ royal trump of worthy men ẽ trim:
ſo ſhãe doth blow with rained blaſt ỹ trump of ſhame on him.
(Exit.

Enter the King, Lord, Praxaſpes, and Siſamnes.

King.

My Judge ſince my departure hence, haue you vſed iudgemẽt
If faithful ſteward I ye finde, the ſame I wil requite. (right?

Siſamnes.

No doubt your grace ſhal not once hear, ỹ I haue done amiſs,

Praxaſpes.

I much reioyce to heare, ſo good newes as this.

Enter commons cry running in, ſpeake this verſe, and goe out againe haſtily.

Commons cry.

Alas, alas, how are the Commons oppreſſed.
By that vile Judge Siſamnes by name:
I do not know how it ſhould be redreſſed.
To amend his life no whit he doth frame.
We are vndone and thrown out of doore,
His dannable dealing doth vs ſo torment:
At his hand we can finde no releeſe nor ſuccour,
God graunt him grace for to repent. Run away crying.

King.

What doleful cries be theſe my L. that ſound do in mine eare?
Intelligence if you can giue, vnto your King declare.
Tome it ſeemeth my Commons al, they do lament and cry:
Out of Siſamnes iudge moſt cheefe, euen now ſtanding vs by.

Praxaſpes.

Euen ſo (O king) it ſeemd to me as you rehearſall made:
I doubt the Judge culpable be, in ſome reſpect or trade.

Siſamnes.

Redouted king haue no miſtruſt, no whit your minde diſmay
There is not one that can me charge or ought againſt me lay.

Enter Commons complaint, with Proofe, and Triall.

Commons complaint.

Commons complaint I repꝛeſent, with thꝛall of dolfull fate
By dꝛgent cauſe erected forth, my greefe foꝛ to dilate.
Vnto the king I wil pꝛepare, my miſerie to tell:
To haue releefe of this my greefe, and fettered feet ſo fel.
Redoubted Pꝛince and mighty king, my ſelf I pꝛoſtrat heere
Vouchſafe (O king) with me to beare, ſoꝛ this that I appeere.
With humble ſute I pardon craue, of your moſt royall grace:
To giue me leaue my minde to bꝛeak, befoꝛe you in this place.

King.

Commons cõplaint kéep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel
What ere he be within this land, that hath not vſed thée wel.
As pꝛinces mouth ſhal ſentence giue, he ſhal receiue the ſame:
Vnfolde the ſecrets of thy bꝛeſt, ſoꝛ I extinguiſh blame.

Commons complaint.

God pꝛeſerue your royall grace, and ſend you bliſſull dales:
that all your déeds might ſtil accoꝛd, to giue the God ẏ pꝛaiſe.
My complaint is (O mighty king) againſt that Iudge you by:
whoſe careles déeds, gain to receiue, hath made ẏ cõmons cry.
He, by taking bꝛibes and gifts, the poꝛe he doth oppꝛeſſe:
Taking releefe from Infants yong, widowes and fatherles.

King. (complaint,

Vntruſtfull traitoꝛ and coꝛrupt Iudge, how liſt thou this
Foꝛewarning I to thée did giue, of this to make reſtraint.
And haſt thou don this diueliſh déed mine ire foꝛ to augment?
I ſentence giue thou Iudas iudge, thou ſhalt thy déed repent.

Siſamnes.

O puiſant Pꝛince it is not ſo, his complaint I deny.

Commons complaint.

If it be not ſo (moſt mighty king) in place then let me dye.
Behold that I haue bꝛought wt̃ me, both Proofe & Triall true,
To ſtand euen héere and ſentence giue, what by him did inſue.

Proof.

I Proof do him in this appeal, he did the commons wꝛong:
Vniuſtly

Vniuſtly he with them hath delt, his grédy was ſo ſtrong.
His hart did couet in to get, he cared not which way:
The poꝛ did leſe their due & right, becauſe they want to pay.
Vnto him foꝛ bꝛibes indeed, this was his wonted vſe:
Wheras your grace good lawes did make, he did ꝑ ſame abuſe.

Triall.

I Triall heer to verifie, what Proof doth now vnfolde:
To ſtand againſt him in his wꝛong, as now I dare be bolde.

King.

How likeſt thou this, thou caitiue vile, canſt thou ꝑ ſame deny

Siſamnes.

O noble king foꝛgiue my fact, I yeeld to thy mercy.

King.

Complaints and Pꝛoꝛ, redꝛeſſe will I, all this your miſery:
Depart with ſpeed from whence you came,
And ſtraight commaund by me.
The Execution man to come, befoꝛe my grace with haſte:

All.

Foꝛ to fulfill this your requeſt, no time we meane to waſte.

King. Exeunt they three.

My Loꝛd, befoꝛe my grace goe call, Otian this Iudges ſonne:
And he ſhal heare and alſo ſee, what his father hath don.
The father he ſhal ſuffer death, the ſonne his rome ſucceed:
And if that he no better pꝛoue, ſo likewiſe ſhall he ſpeed.

Praxaſpes.

As your grace hath cõmaundment giuen, I mean foꝛ to fulfil:

King. ſtep aſide and fetch him.

Accurſed Iudge couldſt thou conſent to do this curſed ille
Accoꝛding vnto thy demaund, thou ſhalt foꝛ this thy gilt:
Receiue thy death befoꝛe mine eyes, thy blood it ſhalbe ſpilt.

Praxaſpes.

Beholde (O King) Siſamnes Sonne befoꝛe you doth appere.

King. Otian this is my minde, therfoꝛe to me come neere.
Thy father dear foꝛ iudgmẽt wꝛong pꝛocured hath his death:
And thou his ſon ſhalt him ſucceed, whẽ he hath loſt his bꝛeth
And if that thou doſt once offend, as thou ſeeſt thy father haue:

In likewiſe thou ſhalt ſuffer death, no mercy ſhal thee ſaue.

Otian.

O mighty king, vouchſafe your grace, my father foremit:
Forgiue his fault, his pardon I do aſke of you as yet.
Alas although my father hath your Princely hart offended:
Amends for miſſe he wil now make, and faults ſhalbe amended
In ſtead of his requeſted life, pleaſeth your grace take mine:
This offer I as tender childe, ſo duty doth me binde.

King.

Do not intreat my grace no more, for he ſhal dye the death:
Where is the Execution man, him to bereaue of breath.

Execution. Enter execution.

At hand and if it like your grace, my duty to diſpatch:
In hope that I when déde is done, a good reward ſhall catch.

King.

Diſpatch with ſword this Judges life, extinguiſh fear & cares:
So down, draw thou his curſed skin, ſtrait ouer both his eares.
I wil ſée the office done, and that before mine eyes.

Execution.

To do this thing my king commaunds I giue the enterpriſe.

Siſamnes.

Otian my ſonne the king to death by law hath me cõdemned,
And you in rome and office mine, his graces wil hath placed:
Vſe Juſtice therefore in this caſe, and yéld vnto no wrong:

Otian.

O father déer, theſe words to hear, that you muſt dye by force
Bedews my cheeks wt ſtilled teares, ỹ King hath no remorce.
The grœuous grœfes and ſtrained ſighes,
My hart doth breake in twaine:
And I deplore moſt woful childe, that I ſhould ſée you ſlaine.
O falſe and fickle frowning dame, that turneth as the winde:
Is this the ioy in fathers age, thou me aſſigneſt to finde
O dolefull day, vnhappy houre, that loning childe ſhould ſée:
His Father deer before his face thus put to death ſhould be.
Yet father giue me bleſſing thine, and let me once imbrace:
Thy comely corps in foulded arms, and kiſſe thy ancient face.

Siſamnes.

Siſamnes.

O childe thou makes my eyes to run as riuers do by ſtreame:
My leaue I take of thee my ſonne, beware of this my beame.

King.

Diſpatch euen now thou man of death no longer ſeem to ſtay:

Execution.

Come M. Siſamnes, come on your way, my office I muſt pay,
Forgiue therfore my deed.

Siſamnes.

I do forgiue it thee my frend, diſpatch therfore with ſpeed.

Smite him in the neck with a ſword to ſignifie his death.

Praxaſpes.

Beholde (O king how he doth bleed, being of life bereft:

King.

In this wiſe he ſhall not yet be left.
Pull his skin ouer his eyes to make his death more vile:
A wretch he was, a cruell theefe my commons to beguile.
Flea him with a falſe skin.

Otian.

What childe is he of natures mould, could bide the ſame to ſee
His Father fleaed in this wiſe: Oh how it grieueth me.

King.

Otian, thou ſeeſt thy father dead, and thou art in his rome:
If thou beeſt proud as he hath beene euen thereto ſhalt thou (come.

Otian.

O king, to me this is a glaſſe, with greefe in it I view
Example that vnto your grace I do not proue vntrue.

Praxaſpes.

Otian, conuay your father hence, to tomb where he ſhall lye:

Otian.

And if it pleaſe your Lordſhip, it ſhall be done by and by.
Good Execution man for need, helpe me with him away:

Execution.

I wil fulfill as you to me did ſay. They take him away.

King.

My L. now that my grace hath ſeen, that finiſht is this deed,

To question mine giue tentiue eare,
And answere make with spæd.
Haue not I don a gratious deed, to redresse my cõmons woe?

Praxaspes.

Yea truely if it please your grace, ye haue indéd don so.
But now (O king) in freendly wise, I councel you in this:
Certain vices for to leaue, that in you placed is.
The vice of drunkennes (Oh king) which doth you sore infect:
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King.

Peace my Lord, what needeth this? of this I will not heare:
To pallace now I will returne, and there to make good cheere.
God Baccus he bestowes his gifts, we haue good store of wine
And also that the Ladies be, both passing braue and fine.
But stay, I see a Lord now come, and eke a valiant knight:
What newes my Lord? to see you heer, my hart it doth delight

Enter Lord, and Knight to meet the King.

Lord.

No newes (O king) but of duty come, to wait vpon your grace

King.

I thank you my L & louing Knight, I pray you with me trace.
My Lords and Knight I pray ye tel, I wil not be offended:
Am I woorthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Praxaspes. (commend:

The Persians much do praise your grace, but one thing dis-
In that to wine subiect you be, wherin you doo offend.
Sith that ỹ might of wines effect, doth oft subdue your brain:
My counsel is to please their harts, from it you would refrain

Lord.

No, no, my Lord, it is not so, for this of Prince they tel:
For vertuous proofe and princely facts, Cirus he doth excel.
By ỹ his grace by conquest great, the Egiptians did conuince:
Of him report abroad doth passe, to be a woorthy Prince.

Knight. (compare,

In person of Cresus I answer make, wé may not his grace

In

In whole reſpect for to be like, Cirus the kings father. (hinde:
In ſo much your grace hath yet no childe, as Cirus left be.
Euen you I meane, Cambiſes king, in whom I fauour finde.

King.

Creſus ſaid well in saying ſo, but Praxaſpes tel me whye
That to my mouth in ſuch a ſort thou ſhould auouch a lye.
Of drunkenes me thus to charge, but thou with ſpæd ſhalt ſée
Whether that I a ſober king, or els a drunkard be.
I know thou haſt a bliſſfull babe, wherin thou dooſt delight:
Ye to reuenge of theſe thy words, I wil go wreke this ſpight
When I the moſt haue taſted wine, my bow it ſhalbe bent:
At hart of him euen then to ſhote, is now my whole intent.
And if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is:
If hart of his I doo not kill, I yeeld to thee in this.
Therfore Praxaſpes fetch to me, thy yongeſt ſon with ſpeed:
There is no way I tell thee plaine, but I wil doo this deed.

Praxaſpes.

Redoubted Prince ſpare my ſweet childe, he is mine only ioy:
I truſt your grace to infants hart, no ſuch thing will imploy.
If that his mother hear of this, ſhe is ſo nigh her ſlight:
In clay her corps wil ſoone be ſhrinde, to paſſe frō worlds de-
(light.

King.

No more adoe, go fetch me him, it ſhalbe as I ſay:
And if that I doo ſpeak the word, how dare ye once ſay nay:

Praxaſpes.

I wil go fetch him to your grace, but ſo I truſt it ſhall not be:

King.

For feare of my diſpleaſure great, goe fetch him vnto me.
Is he gone: now by the Gods I will doo as I ſay:
My Lord therfore fill me ſome wine, I hartely you pray.
For I muſt drinke to make my braine ſomewhat intoxicate:
When that the wine is in my head, oh trimly I can prate.

Lord.

Heere is the cup with filled wine, thereof to take repaſt:

King.

Giue it me to drinke it off, and ſee no wine be waſt. Drink

Once

Once againe inlarge this cup, for I muſt faſt it ſtil. Drink
By the Gods I think of pleſant wine, I cannot take my fill.
Now drink is in giue me my bow, and arrows frō ſir Knight:
At hart of childe I meane to ſhot, hoping to cleue it right.

Knight.

Behold (O king) where he doth come, his infant yong in hand:

Praxaſpes.

O mighty King your grace beheſt with ſorrow I haue ſtand.
And brought my childe fro mothers knée, before you to appear
And ſhe thereof no whit doth know that he in place is heer.

King.

Set him vp my marke to be, I will ſhot at his hart:

Praxaſpes.

I beſeech your grace not ſo to do, let this pretence a part.
Farewel my deer and louing babe, come kiſſe thy father déer:
A greeuous ſight to me it is, to ſee thee ſlaine euen heere.
Is this the game now from the king, for giuing councell good:
Before my face with ſuch deſpight, to ſpil my ſons hart blood:
O heauy day to me this is, and mother in like caſe.

Yong childe.

O Father, Father, wipe your face,
I ſee the teares run from your eye:
My mother is at home ſowing of a band,
Alas deere father, why do you cry?

King. (minde to fulfill:

Before me as a mark now let him ſtand, I will ſhot at him my

Yong childe.

Alas, alas, Father will you me kill? (of all:
God maſter king do not ſhot at me, my mother loues me beſt

King.

I haue diſpatched him, down he doth fall Shoot
As right as a line his hart I haue hit:
May thou ſhalt ſee Praxaſpes, ſtranger newes yet.
My knight with ſpred his hart cut out, and giue it vnto me:

Knight.

It ſhalbe don (O mighty king) with all feleritie.

Lord.

Lord. (walking:

My Lord Praxaſpes, this had not bẽn, but your tung muſt be
To the king of correction you muſt nœds be talking.

Praxaſpes.

No correction my Lord, but councel for the beſt:

Knight.

Here is the hart, according to your graces beheſt.

King.

Beholde Praxaſpes thy Sonnes owne hart,
Oh how well the ſame was hit:
After this wine to do this dœd, I thought it very fit.
Eſtẽm thou maiſt right well therby, no drunkard is ỹ King:
That in the midſt of all his cups, could do this valiant thing.
My Lord and Knight on me attend, to pallace we will goe:
And leaue him hẽr to take his ſon, when we are gone him fro.

All.

With al our harts we giue conſent, to wait vpon your grace:

Praxaſpes.

A wofull man O Lord am I, to ſee him in this caſe.
My daies I dẽm deſires their end, this dœd wil help me hẽce:
To haue the bloſſoms of my feeld, deſtroyed by violence.

Enter Mother.

Alas, alas, I do heare tell, the King hath kild my Sonne:
If it be ſo, woe worth the deed, that euer it was done.
It is euen ſo, my Lord I ſee, how dy him he dooth wœpe:
What ment I that from hands of him, this childe I did not
Alas husband and Lord, what did you meane, (keepe:
To fetch this childe away?

Praxaſpes.

O Lady wife I little thought for to haue ſẽne this day.

Mother.

O bliſful babe. O ioy of womb, harts comfort and delight:
For councel giuen vnto the King, is this thy iuſt requite?
O heuy day and doleſull time, theſe mourning tunes to make:
With blubred eies into mine armes frõ earth I wil thee take.
And wrap thee in mine apron white, but oh my heauy hart:

The ſpiteful pangs ỳ it ſuſtains, wold make it in two to part.
The death of this my Sonne to ſée, O heuy mother now:
That from thy ſwæt & ſugred ioy, to ſorrow ſo ſhouldſt bow.
What græf in womb did I retain, before I did thée ſee? (me.
Yet at the laſt when ſmart was gone, what ioy wert thou to
How tender was I of thy food, for to preſerue thy ſtate?
How ſtilled I thy tender hart, at times early and late?
With velvet paps I gaue thæ ſuck, with iſſue from my breſt:
And danced thé vpon my knæ, to bring thæ vnto reſt.
Is this the ioy of thæ I reap (O King) of tigers brood?
Oh tigers whelp hadſt thou ỳ hart, to ſæ this childs hart blood.
Nature inforceth me alas, in this wiſe to deplore:
to wring my hands O welaway, that I ſhould ſee this houre.
Thy mother yet wil kiſſe thy lips, ſilk ſoft and pleaſant white:
With wringing hands, lamenting for to ſæ thæ in this plight
My Lording dær let vs goe home our mourning to augment.

Praxaſpes.

My Lady deer with heauy hart, to it I doo conſent.
Betwæn vs both ỳ childe to bere vnto our lordly place. Exeũt

Enter Ambidexter.

Indéd as ye ſay, I haue been abſent a long ſpace.
But is not my Coſin cutpurſe, with you in the meane time?
To it, to it Coſin, and do your office fine.
How like you Siſamnes for vſing of me?
He plaid with both hands, but he ſped ilfauourdly.
The King himſelfe was godly vp trained:
He profeſſed vertue, but I think it was fained.
He plaies with both hands, good deeds and ill:
But it was no good dæd Praxaſpes ſonne for to kill.
As he for the good deed, on the Iudge was commended,
For all his dæds els he is reprehended.
The moſt euill diſpoſed perſon that euer was,
All the ſtate of his life he would not let paſſe.
Some good deeds he will do, though they be but few:
The like things this tirant Cambiſes doth ſhew.

No goodnes from him, to none is exhibited:
But ſtill malediction abroad is diſtributed.
And yet ye ſhall ſée in the reſt of his race:
What infamy he will worke againſt his owne grace.
Whiſt, no more words, heere comes the Kings brother.

Enter Lord Smirdis, with Attendance & Diligence.

Smirdis.

The Kings brother by birth am I, iſſued from Cirus loynes:
A greéſe to me it is to heare, of this the kings repines.
I like not well of thoſe his deeds, that he doth ſtill frequent:
I wiſh to God that other waies, his minde he could content.
Yong I am and next to him, no moe of vs there be:
I would be glad a quiet Realme in this his reign to ſee.

Attendance.

My Lord your good a willing hart, the Gods wil recompence
In that your minde ſo penſiue is, for thoſe his great offence.
My Lord, his grace ſhall haue a time, to paire and to amend:
Happy is he that can eſcape, and not his grace offend.

Diligence.

If that wicked vice he could refraine, from waſting wine here:
A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his ſquare.

Ambidexter.

My Lord, and if your honor it ſhall pleaſe:
I can informe you what is beſt for your eaſe.
Let him alone, of his deeds doo not talke:
Then by his ſide, ye may quietly walke.
After his death you ſhalbe King,
Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing.
In the meane time liue quietly, doo not with him deale:
So ſhall it redound much to your weale.

Smirdis.

Thou ſaiſt true my freend, that is the beſt:
I know not whether he loue me, or doo me deteſt.

Attendance.

Leane from his company all that you may:

I faithfull Attendance wil your honor obay.
If againſt your honor be take any ire:
His grace is as like to kindle his fire.
To your honors deſtruction, as otherwiſe:

Diligence.

Therfore my Lord take good aduiſe.
And I Diligence your caſe wil ſo tender:
That to his grace your honor ſhalbe none offender.

Smirdis.

I thank you both intire freends, with my honor ſtil remaine:

Ambidexter.

Beholde where the king doth come with his train.

Enter King and a Lord.

King.

O Lording deer and brother mine, I ioy your ſtate to ſee.
Surmiſing much what is the cauſe, you abſent thus from me.

Smirdis.

Pleaſeth your grace, no abſence I, but redy to fulfill:
At all aſſaies my Prince and King, in that your grace me wil.
What I can do in true defence, to you my Prince aright:
In readines I alwaies am, to offer forth my might.

King.

And I the like to you againe do beer auouch the ſame.

All. (name.

For this your good agreement beer, now praiſed be Gods

Ambidexter.

But heare ye noble Prince, harke in your eare.
It is beſt to do as I did declare.

King.

My Lord and brother Smirdis now, this is my minde & will:
That you to Court of mine returne, and there to tary ſtill
Till my returne within ſhort ſpace, your honor for to greet:

Smirdis.

At your behеſt ſo wil I doo, till time againe we meet.
My leaue I take from you O King, euen now I do departe.

Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance and Diligence.

King.

King.

Farwel Lord and brother mine, farwel with all my hart.
My Lord, my brother Smerdis is, of youth and manly might:
And in his ſweet and pleaſant face my hart doth take delight.

Lord.

Yea noble prince, if that your grace before his honor dye:
He wil ſucceede a vertuous King, and rule with equitie.

King.

As you haue ſaid my Lord, he is theeſe heire nert my grace:
And if I dye to morrow nert, he ſhall ſucceed my place.

Ambidexter.

And if it pleaſe your grace O King, I heard him ſay
For your death vnto the God, day and night he did pray.
He would liue ſo vertuouſly, and get him ſuch a praiſe:
That Fame by trump his due deſerts in honor ſhould vpraiſe
He ſaid your grace deſerued bad, the curſing of all men:
that ye ſhould neuer after him get any praiſe againe.

King.

Did he ſpeake thus of my grace, in ſuch deſpightful wiſe?
Or els dooſt thou preſume to fill my princely eares with lyes?

Lord.

I cannot think it in my hart, that he would report ſo.

King.

How ſaiſt thou? ſpeak the truth, was it ſo or no?

Ambidexter.

I thinke ſo if it pleaſe your grace, but I cannot tell:

King.

Thou plaiſt with both hands, now I perceiue wall:
But for to put al doubts aſide, and to make him leeſe his hope
He ſhall dye by dint of Sword, or els by choking Rope.
Shall he ſucceed when I am gone, to haue more praiſe then I:
Were he Father as brother mine, I ſwere that he ſhal dye.
To pallace mine I will therefore, his death for to purſue.

Ambidexter. Exit

Are ye gone? ſtraight way I will follow you.
How like ye now my maiſters? doth not this geere cotten?

The proverbe olde is verified, ſoone ripe and ſoone rotten.
He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild:
His delight is wholly to haue his blood ſpild.
Mary ſir I tolde him a notable lye,
If it were to do againe, I durſt doo it I.
Mary when I had done, to it I durſt not ſtand:
Therby you may perceiue I vſe to play with eche hand.
But how now Coſin cutpurſe with whom play you?
Take hed for his hand is groping euen now.
Coſin take hed, if you doo ſecretly grope:
If ye be taken Coſin, ye muſt looke through a rope. Exit.

Enter Lord Smirdis alone.

I am wandring alone heere and there to walke.
The Court is ſo vnquiet, in it I take no ioy:
Solitary to my ſelfe now I may talke,
If I could rule I wiſt what to ſay.

Enter Cruelty and Murder with bloody hands.

Cruelty.

My coequall partner Murder, come away.
From me, long thou maiſt not ſtay.

Murder.

Yes from thee I may ſtay, but not thou from me:
Therfore I haue a prerogatiue aboue thee.

Cruelty.

But in this caſe we muſt togither abide:
Come, come, Lord Smirdis I haue ſpide.
Lay hands on him with all feſtination:
that on him we may worke our indignation.

Smirdis.

How now my freends, what haue you to doo with me?

Murder.

King Cambiſes hath ſent vs vnto thee.
Commaunding vs ſtraightly, without mercy or fauour:
Vpon thee to beſtow our behauiour.
With Cruelty to murder you, and make you away.

Smirdis.

Smirdis. Strike him in diuers places

Yet pardon me I hartely you pray:
Conſider the King is a tirant tirannious:
And all his dоings be damnable and parnitious.
Fauour me therfore, I did him neuer offend:

Cruelty. A little bladder of Vineger prickt.

No fauour at all, your life is at an end.
Euen now I ſtrike his body to wound:
Beholde now his blood ſpringes out on the ground.

Murder.

Now he is dead, let vs preſent him to the king:

Cruelty.

Lay to your hand away him to bring. Exeunt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of God, yonder is a heuy Court:
Some weepes, ſome wailes, and ſome make great ſport.
Lord Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is ſlaine:
But Jeſus for want of him how ſome doo complaine.
If I ſhould haue had a thouſand pound, I could not forbeare
Now Jeſus haue his bleſſed ſoule in keeping. (weeping:
Ah, good Lord, to think on him, how it dooth me greeue:
I cannot forbeare weeping, ye may me beleeue. Weep
O my hart, how my pulſes dо beate,
With ſorrowfull lamentations I am in ſuch a heate.
Ah my hart how for him it doth ſorrow:
Nay I haue done in faith now, and God giue ye good morrow
Ha, ha, weep, nay laugh, with both hands to play:
The king through his cruelty hath made him away.
But hath not he wrought a moſt wicked deed:
Becauſe King after him he ſhould not proceed.
His оwne naturall brother, and hauing no more:
To procure his death by violence ſore.
In ſpight becauſe his brother ſhould neuer be King:
His hart being wicked, conſented to this thing.
Now he hath no more Brothers nor kinred aliue:
If the King vſe this geere ſtill, he cannot long thriue.

Hob.

Enter Hob and Lob.

Hob.

Gods hat neighbour come away, its time to market to goe,

Lob.

Gods Mast Naybor zay ye zo?
The Clock hath stricken vive ich think by laken:
Bum bay vrom sleep cham not very well waken.
Vnt naybor Hob, naybor Hob, what haue ye to zel?

Hob.

Bum troth naybor Lob to you I chil tel.
Chaue two Goslings, and a Chine of Pozke:
there is no batter between this and Pozke.
Chaue a pot of Strawberies and a Calues head:
A zennight zince to morow it hath bin dead.

Lob.

Chaue a score of Egges, and of Butter a pound:
Yesterday a nest of godly yong Rabits I vound.
Chaue vorty things mo of more and of lesse:
My brain is not very god them to expresse.
But Gods hat Naybor, wotst what?

Hob.

No not wel Naybor, whats that?

Lob.

Bum bay Naybor, maister King is a zhrode lad.
To God help me and holidam, I think the vel be mad.
Zome zay he deale cruelly his Brother he did kill:
And also a godly yung lads hart blod he did spill.

Hob.

Mozhod of God naybor has he plaid zuch a volish deed?

Ambidexter.

Godman Hob and godman Lob, God be your speed.
As you two towards market do walke:
Of the Kings cruelty I did heare you talke.
I insure you, he is a king most vile and parnitious:
His doings and life are odious and vicious.

Lob. It were a god deed zome body would break his head.

Hob.

Hob.

Bum bay Naybor Lob, I chuld he were dead.

Ambidexter.

So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart:
Now with both hands will you ſee me play my parte:
A ye Whorſon traitorly knaues:
Hob and Lob out vpon you ſlaues.

Lob.

And thou call me knaue thou art another:
My name is Lob, and Hob my next Naybor.

Ambidexter.

Hob and Lob, a ye Contry patches:
A ye fooles ye haue made wrong matches.
Ye haue ſpoken treaſon againſt the Kings grace:
For it I will accuſe ye before his face.
Then for the ſame ye ſhalbe martered,
At the leaſt ye ſhalbe hangd, drawne and quartered.

Hob.

O gentleman ye ſhal haue two Peareppes and tel not of me.

Lob.

By God a bat Goce chil giue thee:
I think no hurt by my Fathers ſoule I ſweare.

Hob.

Chaue lined wel all my life time my nayburs among:
And now chuld be loth to come to ſuch wrong.
To be hanged and quartered the greefe would be great:

Lob.

A foule euil on thée Hob, who bid thee on it treate?
Nor it was thou that firſt did him name.

Hob.

Thou lyeſt like a barlet, and thou ſaiſt the ſame.
It was ſuch a ſolith Lob as thou:

Lob. Speak many words and by cods nailes I bow.
Vpon thy pate my ſtaffe I will lay.

Ambidexter.

By the maſſe I will cauſe them to make a fray.

Yea Lob thou ſaiſt true, all came through him.

Lob.

Bum bay thou Hob, a little would make me ye trim.
Giue thee a ſwap on thy noſe till thy hart ake:

Hob.

If thou dareſt do it els man cry creke.
I truſt before thou hurt me:
With my ſtaffe chil make a Lob of thee.

Heer let them fight with their ſtaues, not come neer an other by three or foure yardes, the Vice ſet them on as hard as he can, one of their wiues come out and all to beat the Vice, he run away.

Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife running in with a Broome and parte them.

Marian.

O the body of me husband Hob, what meane ye to fight?
For the paſſion of God, no more blowes smite.
Neighbours and freends ſo long, and now to fall out:
What: in your age to ſéeme ſo ſtout?
If I had not parted ye, one had kild another:

Lob.

I had not cared I ſwore by Gods mother.

Marian.

Shake hands againe at the requeſt of me:
As ye haue been freends, ſo freends ſtill be.

Hob.

Bum troth cham content, and zaiſt woꝛd neighbour Lob:

Lob.

I am content agrꝛed neighboꝛ Hob.

Shake hands and laugh hartily one at another.

Marian.

So, get you to market, no longer ſtay.
And with yonder knaue let me make a fray.

Hob.

Content wife Marian, chil do as thou doſt ſay.

But buſſe me ich pray thee at going away. Exeũt Hob Lob.

Marian. (ſight

Thou whoreſon knaue and prickeard boy, why didſt ẏ let them
If one had kild another heer, couldſt thou their deaths requite
It beares a ſigne by this thy deed, a cowardly knaue thou art:
Els wouldſt thou draw ẏ weapon thine, like a knaue them to

Ambidexter. (parte

What Marian may be good, are you come prating?
Ye may hap get a box on the eare with your talking.
If they had kild one another, I had not cared a peaſe.
Heer let her ſwinge him in her brome, ſhe gets him down
and he her down, thus one on the top of another
make paſtime.

Marian.

A villain, my ſelfe on thee I muſt eaſe.
Giue me a box on the eare? that will I try:
Who ſhalbe Maiſter thou ſhalt ſee by and by.

Ambidexter.

O no more, no more I beſeech you hartily: Run his way
Euen now I yeild, and giue you the maiſtry. out while
Marian. ſhe is down.
A thou knaue, doſt thou throw me down and run the way?
If he were heere againe, oh how I would him pay.
I will after him, and if I can him meet:
With theſe my nailes his face I wil greet.

Enter Venus leading out her ſonne Cupid blinde, he muſt
haue a bow and two ſhafts, one headed with
golde and th'other with lead.

Venus.

Come forth my ſonne vnto my words attẽtiue eares reſigne:
What I pretend ſee you frequent, to force this game of mine.
The King a kinſwoman hath abound with beauty ſore:
And I wiſh that Dianas gifts, they twain ſhal keep no more.
But vſe my ſilner ſugred game, their ioyes for to augment:
When I do ſpeak to wound his hart, Cupid my Son conſẽt.
And ſhot at him the ſhaft of lone, that beares ẏ head of golde.

To wound his hart in louers wise, his gréefe for to vnfolde.
Though kin she be vnto his grace, that nature me expell:
Against the course thereof he may, in my game please me wel.
Wherfore my sonne do not forget, forthwith pursue the déed:

Cupid.

Mother I meane for to obay, as you haue whole decréed.
But you must tel me mother déere, when I shal arrow draw:
Els your request to be attaind, wil not be worth a straw.
I am blinde and cannot sée, but stil doo shot by gesse:
The Poets wel in places store, of my might do expresse.

Venus.

Cupid my son when time shal serue, ỳ thou shalt do this déed:
Thẽ warning I to thee wil giue, but sée thou shot with spéed.

Entera Lord, a Lady, and a waiting maid.

Lord.

Lady déer to King a kin, forthwith let vs procéed:
To trace abroad the beauty fields, as erst we had decréed.
The blowing buds whose sauery sents our sence wil much de-
the swéet smel of musk white rose, to please ỳ appetite. (light
The chirpig birds whose plesãt tones therin shal hear record
That our great ioy we shall it finde, in fréld to walk abroad.
On Lute and Cittern there to play a heauenly harmony:
Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sports to beautify.

Lady.

Vnto your words most comely Lord, my selfe submit doo I:
To trace with you in fréld so grén, I meane not to deny.

heere trace vp and downe playing.

Maid.

And I your waiting maid at hand, with diligence will be:
For to fulfil ẅ hart and hand, when you shal commaund me.

Enter, King, Lord and knight.

King.

Come on my Lord & knight abroad, our mirth let vs imploy:
Since he is dead this hart of mine, in corps I féel it ioy. (broth
Should brother mine haue raigned king, when I had yélded
A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death.

But

But oh, beholde where I do ſee, a Lord and Lady faire:
For beauty ſhe moſt worthy is, to ſit in Princes chaire.

Venus. (hart:

Shoot forth my Son now is the time, ỹ thou muſt wound his

Cupid.

Content you Mother I will do my parte.

Shoote there, and goe out Venus and Cupid.

King.

Of truth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladies ſhe doth excell:
Can none reporte what dame ſhe is, and to my grace it tell?

Lord.

Redonted Prince pleaſeth your grace, to you ſhe is a kin:
Coſin Jarmin nigh of birth, by mothers ſide come in.

Knight.

And that her waiting maiden is attending her vpon:
Ye is a Lord of Princes Court, and wil be there anon.
They ſport themſelues in pleaſant fæld, to former vſed vſe:

King.

My Lord ỹ knight of truth I ſpeak, my hart it cannot chuſe.
But with my Lady I muſt ſpeake and ſo expreſſe my minde:
My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you wil fauour finde.
Preſent your ſelues vnto my grace, and by my ſide come ſtãd:

First Lord.

We wil fulfil moſt mighty king, as your grace doth cõmaund

King.

Lady deere, intelligence my grace hath got of late:
You iſſued out of mothers ſtocke, and kin vnto my ſtate.
According to rule of birth you are, Coſin Jarmin mine:
Yet do I wiſh that farther of, this kinred I could finde.
For Cupid he that eyleſſe boy, my hart hath ſo enflamed:
With beauty you me to content, the like cannot be named.
For ſince I entred in this place, and on you firſt mine eyes:
Moſt burning fits about my hart, in ample wiſe did riſe.
The heat of thẽ ſuch force doth yeld my corps they ſcorch alas
And burns the ſame with waſting heat, as Titan doth ỹ gras
And ſith this heat is kindled ſo, and freſh in hart of me:

There is no way but of the ſame, the quencher you muſt be.
My meaning is ỳ beauty yours my hart with loue doth woũd
to giue me loue, minde to conſẽt, my hart hath you out found.
And you are ſhe muſt be my wife, els ſhall I end my daies.
Conſent to this & be my Quẽn, to weare ỳ crown with prayſe
Lady. (queſt.
If it pleaſe your grace (O mighty king) you ſhall not this re-
It is a thing that natures courſe, doth vtterly deteſt.
And high it would the God diſpleaſe, of all that is the worſt:
To graunt your grace to marry ſo, it is not I that durſt.
Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mighty King:
That you vouchſafe to great eſtate, ſo gladly would me bring
Were it not it were offence, I would it not deny:
But ſuch great honor to atchiue, my hart I would apply.
Therfore O King with humble hart, in this I pardon craue:
Mine anſwer is in this requeſt, your minde ye may not haue.
King.
May I not? nay then I will by all the Gods I bow,
And I will mary thee as wife, this is mine anſwere now.
Who dare ſay nay what I pretẽd, who dare the ſame wſtand?
Shal loſe his head & haue repoꝛte, as traitor through my lãd.
There is no nay I wil you haue, and you my Quẽne ſhalbe:
Lady. (me.
Thẽ mighty king I craue your grace to heare the woꝛds of
Your councel take of Loꝛdings wit, the lawes aright peruſe:
If I with ſafe may graunt this deed, I will it not refuſe.
King.
No, no, what I haue ſaid to you, I meane to haue it ſo:
For councel theirs I mean not I, in this reſpect to goe.
But to my Pallace let vs goe, the mariage to prepare:
For to auoid my wil in this, I can it not forbeare.
Lady.
O God forgiue me if I do amiſſe:
The king by compulſion inforceth me this.
Maid.
Vnto the Gods for your eſtate, I will not ceaſe to pray:

That

That you may be a happy Queen and ſee moſt ioyfull day.

King.

Come on my Lords with gladſome harts,
Let vs reioyce with glee:
Your Muſick ſhew to ioy this déed, at the requeſt of me.

Both.

For to obey your graces words our honors do agree. Exeũt.

Enter Ambidexter.

O the paſſion of me, mary as ye ſay, yonder is a royal Court:
There is triumphing and ſporte vpon ſporte.
Such loyall Lords, with ſuch Lordly exerciſe:
Frequenting ſuch paſtime as they can deuiſe.
Running at tilt, Juſting, with running at the ring:
Maſking and mumming with eche kinde of thing.
Such daunſing, ſuch ſinging, with muſicall harmony:
Beleeue me I was loth to abſent their company. (maried:
But wil you beléeue? Jeſu what haſt they made till they were
not for a million of poũds one day lõger they would haue tared
Oh there was a banquet royall and ſuperexcellent:
Thouſands, and thouſands at that banquet was ſpent.
I muſe of nothing but how they can be maried ſo ſone:
I care not if I be maried before to morrow at none.
If mariage be a thing that ſo may be had:
How ſay you maid? to marry me wil ye be glad.
Out of doubt I beleeue it is ſome excellent treaſure:
Els to the ſame belongs abundant pleaſure.
Yet with mine eares I haue heard ſome ſay:
That euer I was maried, now curſed be the day.
Thoſe be they with curſt wiues be matched:
That husband for haukes meat, of them is vp ſnatched.
Head broke with a bedſtaffe, face all to be ſcratched.
Knaue, ſlaue, and villain, a coyld cote now and than:
When the wife hath giuen it, ſhe wil ſay alas good man.
Such were better vnmaried my maiſters I trow:
Then all their life after to be matched with a ſhrow.

Enter

Enter Preparation.

With ſpeed I am ſent all things to prepare:
My meſſage to doe as the King did declare.
His grace doth meane a banquet to make:
Meaning in this place repaſt for to take.
Wel the cloth ſhalbe laid and all things in redines,
To Court to return when doon is my buſines.

Ambidexter.

A proper man and alſo fit:
For the Kings eſtate to prepare a banquet.

Preparation.

What Ambidexter? thou art not vnknowen:
A miſchefe on all god faces, ſo that I curſe not mine owne.
Now in the knaues name ſhake hands with me,

Ambidexter.

Wel ſaid godman pouchmouth your reuerence I ſee,
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be.
A ye ſlaue, the King doth me a gentleman allow:
Therfore I loke that to me ye ſhould bow. Fight.

Preparation.

God maiſter Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour:
For this your deeds, you are a knaue for your labour.

Ambidexter.

Why ye ſtale counterly villain, nothing but Knaue. fight.

Preparation.

I am ſorry your maiſterſhip offended I haue.
Shake hands that betweene vs agreement may be:
I was ouerſhot with my ſelfe, I do confeſſe.
Let me haue your helpe this furniture to prouide:
The King from this place wil not long abide.

Set the fruit on the boord.

Ambidexter.

Content, it is the thing that I would wiſh:
I my ſelfe wil goe fetch one diſh.

Let the Vice fetch a diſh of Nuts, and let them fall in the bringing of them in.

Preparation.

Preparation.

Clenly maiſter Ambidexter, for faire on the ground they lye:

Ambidexter.

I will haue them vp againe by and by.

Preparation.

To ſée all in redines I will put you in truſt:
There is no nay to the Court nœds I muſt. Exit Preparation.

Ambidexter.

Haue ye no doubt but all ſhalbe wel:
Mary ſir as you ſay, this gær doth excell.
All things is in a readines when they come hither:
the Kings grace and the Quæne both togither.
I beſæch ye my maiſters tell me is it not beſt:
that I be ſo bolde as to bid a gueſt?
Ye is as honeſt a man as euer ſpurd Cow:
My Coſin cutpurſſe I meane, I beſæch ye iudge you:
Beleeue me Coſin if to be the kings gueſt ye could be taken:
I truſt that offer will neuer be forſaken.
But Cozin becauſe to that office ye are not like to come:
Frequent your exerciſes, a horne on your thum.
A quick eye, a ſharpe knife, at hand a receiuer:
But then take hæd Coſin ye be a clenly conuayour.
Content your ſelfe Coſin, for this banquet you are vnfit:
When ſuch as I at the ſame am vnworthy to ſit.

Enter King, Queene, and his traine.

King.

My Quæn and Lords to take repaſt, let vs attempt the ſame:
Yær is the place delay no time, but to our purpoſe frame.

Queene.

With willing harts your whole behеſt, we minde for to obay:

All.

And we the reſt of Princes traine, will do as you do ſay.

King. ſit at the banquet.

We think mine eares both with the ſound of muſicks harmony:
Yær for to play before my grace in place I would them ſpy.

Play at the banquet.

Ambidexter.

They be at hand sir with sticke and fiddle,
They can play a new daunce called hey diddle diddle.

King.

My Queene perpend what I pronounce I will not violate:
But one thing whereby my hart makes glad, I minde to explicate.
You know in Court by trained is, a Lyon very yong:
Of one litter two whelps beside, as yet not very strong.
I did request one whelpe to see, and this yong Lyon sight:
But Lion did the whelpe convince, by strength of force & might.
His brother whelpe perceiuing that the Lion was too good:
And he by force was like to see, the other whelp his blood.
With force to Lyon he did run, his brother for to helpe:
A wonder great it was to see that friendship in a whelpe.
So then the whelps betwéen them both, the Lyon did convince:
which thing to see before mine eyes, did glad the hart of Prince.

At this tale tolde let the Queene weep.

Queene.

These words to heare makes stilling teares, issue from christall eyes.

King.

What dost thou meane my spouse to wéep, for losse of any praise.

Queene.

No, no, O King, but as you see, friendship in brothers whelp:
When one was like to haue repulse, the other yelded helpe.
And was this fauour shewd in dogs, to shame of royall King:
Alack I wish these eares of mine, had not once heard this thing.
Euen so should you (O mighty King) to brother béene a stay:
And not without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.
In all assaies it was your part, his cause to haue defended:
And who so euer had him misused, to haue them reprehended.
But faithfull loue was more in Dog, then it was in your grace:

King.

O cursed caitiue vicious and vile, I hate thée in this place.
This banquet is at an end, take all these things away:
Before my face thou shalt repent, the words that thou dost say.
O wretch most vile, didst ÿ the cause of brother mine so tender?

The

The loſſe of him ſhould grieue thy hart, he being none offender.
It did me good his death to haue, ſo will it to haue thine:
What friendſhip he had at my hands, ỹ ſame euen ỹ ſhalt finde.
I giue conſent and make a vow, that thou ſhalt dye the death:
By Cruels ſwoꝛd and Murder fel, euen thou ſhalt loſe thy breth
Ambidexter ſee with ſpæd, to Cruelty ye goe:
Cauſe him hither to appꝛoche, Murder with him alſo.

Ambidexter.

I redy am foꝛ to fulfill, if that it be your graces will.

King.

Then nought obſtight my meſſage giuen, abſent thy ſelfe away:

Ambidexter.

Wherin this place, I will no longer ſtay.
If that I durſt, I would mourne your caſe:
But alas, I dare not foꝛ feare of his grace.

King. Exit Ambidex.

Thou curſed Jill by all the Gods, I take an othe and ſweare:
that fleſh of thine theſe hands of mine in peces ſmall could tere.
But thou ſhalt dye by dent of ſwoꝛd, there is no freend ne fo:
Shall finde remoꝛce at Pꝛinces hand, to ſaue the life of thee.

Queene.

Oh mighty King & huſband mine, vouchſafe to heare me ſpeak:
And licence giue to ſpouſe of thine, her patient minde to bꝛeake.
Foꝛ tender loue vnto your grace, my woꝛds I did ſo frame:
Foꝛ pure loue doth hart of King me violate and blame.
And to your grace is this offence, that I ſhould purchaſe death?
Then curſed time that I was Quæne, to ſhoꝛten this my breth
your grace doth know by mariage true, I am your wife & ſpouſe
and one to ſaue anothers helth at trothplight made our vowes.
Therfoꝛe O King let louing Quæn, at thy hand finde remoꝛſe:
Let pitie be a meane to quench, that cruell raging foꝛce.
And pardon plight from pꝛinces mouth, yeeld grace vnto your
that amity wt faithfull zeal, may euer be vs betwæn. (Quæn:

King.

A raitiue vile to pitie thee, my hart it is not bent:
Ne yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

First Lord.

Our mighty Prince wᵒ humble ſute of your grace this I craue:
That this requeſt it may take place, your fauour for to haue.
Let mercy yet abonndantly, the life of Quæn preſerue:
Sith ſhe in moſt obedient wiſe, your graces will doth ſerue.
As yet your grace but while with her hath had cohabitation:
And ſure this is no deſert why to yeld her indignation.
Therfore (O King) her life prolong to ioy her daies in bliſſe:

Second Lord.

Your grace ſhal win immortall fame, in graunting vnto this.
She is a Quæne whoſe goodly hue excelles the royall Roſe:
For beauty bright dame nature ſhe, a large gift did diſpoſe.
For comelines who may compare: of all ſhe beares the bell:
this ſhould giue cauſe to moue your grace to loue her very wel.
Her ſiluer breſt in thoſe your armes, to ſing the ſongs of loue:
Fine qualities moſt excellent, to be in her you proue.
A precious pearle of prize to prince, a Iewell paſſing all:
Therfore O King to beg remorce on both my knæs I fall.
To graunt her grace to haue her life, with hart I doᵒ deſire:

King.

You villains twain, with raging force ye ſet my my hart on fire.
If I conſent that ſhe ſhall dye, how dare ye craue her life?
You two to aſke this at my hand, doth much inlarge my ſtrife.
were it not for ſhame you two ſhould dye, that for her life do ſue:
But fauour mine from you is gone, my Lords I tell you true.
I ſent for Cruelty of late, if he would come away:
I would commit her to his hands, his cruell part to play.
Euen now I ſaw where he doth come, it doth my hart delight:

Enter Cruelty and Murder.

Cruelty.

Come Murder come, let vs goe forth with might.
Once againe the Kings commaundement we muſt fulfill.

Murder.

I am contended to doᵒ it with a good will.

King.

Murder and Cruelty, for both of you I ſent.

With all feſtination your offices to frequent.
Lay holde on the Quæne take her to your power:
And make her away within this houre.
Spare for no feare I do you full permit:
So I from this place, do meane for to flit.

Both.

With couragious harts (O King) we will obay:

King.

Then come on my Lords let vs departe away.

Both the Lords.

With heuy harts we will do all your grace doth ſay.

Cruelty. Exeunt King & Lord.

Come Lady and Quæne now are you in our handling:
In faith with you we will vſe no dandling.

Murder.

With all erpedition, I Murder will take place:
Though thou be a Queene ye be vnder my grace.

Queene.

With patience I will you both away:

Cruelty.

No more words but goe with vs obay.

Queene.

Yet before I dye ſome Pſalme to God let me ſing:

Both.

We be content to permit you that thing.

Queene.

Farwell you Ladies of the Court, with all your maſking hue:
I do forſake theſe broodred gardes, and all the faſhions new.
The Court and all the courtly train wherin I had delight:
I baniſhed am from happy ſporte and all by ſpitefull ſpite.
Yet with a ioyfull hart to God a Pſalme I meane to ſing:
Forgiuing all and the king, of eth kinde of thing. ſing & exeunt

Enter Ambidexter weeping.

A, A, A A, I cannot chuſe but weepe for the Quæne:
Nothing but mourning now at the Court there is ſæne.
Oh, oh, my hart, my hart, oh my bum will breake:

Very greefe ſo torments me that ſcarce I can ſpeake,
Who could but weep ſo, the loſſe of ſuch a Lady?
That cannot I do, I ſweare by mine honeſtie.
But Lord ſo the Ladies mourne crying alack:
Nothing is worne now but onely black. (ſerue:
I beleeue all cloth in Watling ſtreet, to make gowns would not
If I make a lye, the Deuill let ye ſerue.
All Ladyes mourne both yong and olde:
There is not one that weareth a points worth of Golde.
There is a ſorte ſo feare for the King do pray:
That would haue him dead by the maſſe I dare ſay.
What a King was he that hath vſed ſuch tirannye?
He was akin to Bishop Bonner, I think verily.
For both their delights was to ſhed blood:
But neuer intended to do any good.
Cambiſes put a Iudge to death, that was a good deed:
But to kill the yeng Childe was worſe to proceed.
To murder his Brother, and then his owne wife:
So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of his life.
Heare ye? I will lay twenty thouſand pound:
That the King himſelfe ſooth dye by ſome wound.
He hath ſhed ſo much blood, that his will be ſhed:
If it come to paſſe in faith then he is ſped.

Enter the King without a gowne, a ſwoord thruſt vp into his ſide bleeding.

King.

But alas what ſhal I do my life is finiſhed:
Wounded I am by ſodain chaunce, my blood is miniſhed.
Gogs hart what meanes might I make my life to preſerue?
Is there nought to be my helpe no? is there nought to ſerue?
Out vpon the Court and Lords that there remaine:
to help my greefe in this my caſe, will none of them take paine?
Who but I in ſuch a wiſe his deaths wound could haue gote
As I on horſeback vp did leap, my ſword from ſcabard ſhot.
And ran me thus into the ſide, as you right well may ſe:

A maruels chaunce vnfortunate, that in this wise should be.
I feele my selfe a dying now, of life bereft am I:
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.
Thus gasping heer on ground I lye, for nothing I do care:
A iust reward for my misdeeds, my death doth plaine declare.

Heere let him quake and stir.

Ambidexter.

Now now noble King pluck vp your hart:
What will you dye and from vs depart?
Speake to me and ye be alive?
Ye cannot speak, but beholde how with death he doth strive.
Alas good King, alas he is gone:
The Deuill take me, if for him I make any mone:
I did prognosticate of his end by the Masse:
Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.
I wil be gone, if I should be found heere:
that I should kill him it would appeer.
For feare with his death they doo me charge,
Farwell my maisters I will goe take barge.
I meane to be packing now is the tide:
Farwell my maisters I will no longer abide.

Exit Ambidexter.

Enter three Lords.

First Lord.

Beholde my Lord it is euen so, as he to vs did tell:
His grace is dead vpon the ground, by dint of sword most fel.

Second Lord.

As he in saddle would haue lept, his sword from sheath did goe:
Goring him vp into the side, his life was ended so.

Third Lord.

His blood so fast did issue out, that nought could him prolong:
Yet before he yeelded vp the ghost, his hart was very strong.

First Lord.

A iust reward for his misdeeds, the God aboue hath wrought:
For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

Second

Second Lord.

Yet a Princely buriall he ſhall haue, according to his eſtate:
And more of him heere at this time we haue not to dilate.

Third Lord.

My Lord let vs take him vp and carry him away.

Both.

Content we are with one accord, to do as you do ſay.

Exeunt all.

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Epilogue.

RIght gentle Audience, heere haue you peruſed,
The tragicall hiſtory of this wicked king.
According to our duty we haue not refuſed,
But to our beſt intent expreſt euery thing.
We truſt none is offended for this our doing.
Our Author craues likewiſe if he haue ſquared amiſſe.
By gentle admonition to know wherein the fault is.

His good will ſhall not be neglected to amend the ſame,
Praying all to beare therefore with this ſimple deed.
Vntill the time ſerue a better he may frame,
Thus yelding you thanks to end we decreed.
That you ſo gently haue ſuffered vs to proceed,
In ſuch patient wiſe as to heare and ſee:
We can but thank ye therefore, we can do no more we.

As duty bindes vs for our noble Quéne let vs pray,
And for her honorable Councel the truth that they may vſe:
To practiſe Iuſtice and defend her grace eche day.
To maintain Gods word they may not refuſe.
to correct all thoſe that would her graces graces lawes abuſe,
Beſeeching God ouer vs ſhe may raigne long:
To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.
Amen quod Thomas Preſton.

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